MAYFAIR

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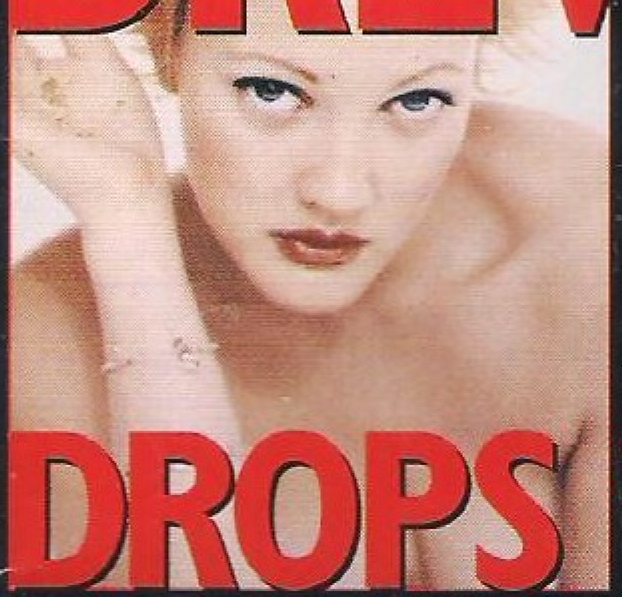
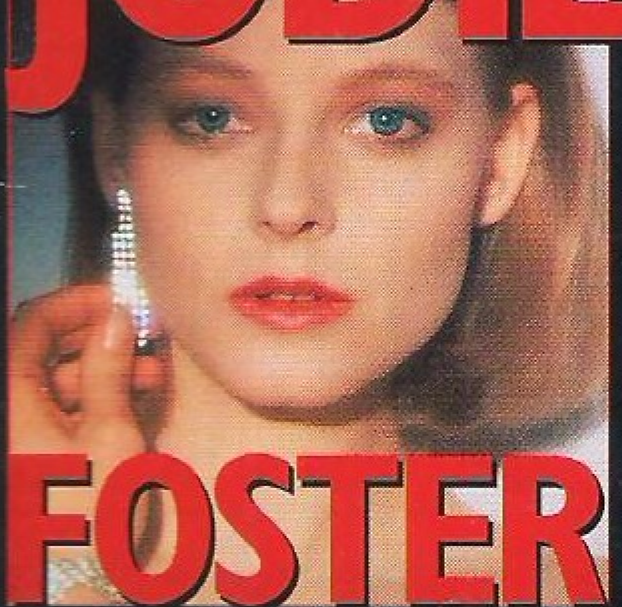
ATTENTION ALL READERS!
THIS MAGAZINE ONLY FEATURES THE BEST-LOOKING GIRLS IN THE WORLD
NO SLAPPERS – GUARANTEED!
QUALITY MAG WARNING!

CELEBRITY NUDES!



DREW DROPS 'EM!

See Bubbly Barrymore's Big Screen Sex Shots!

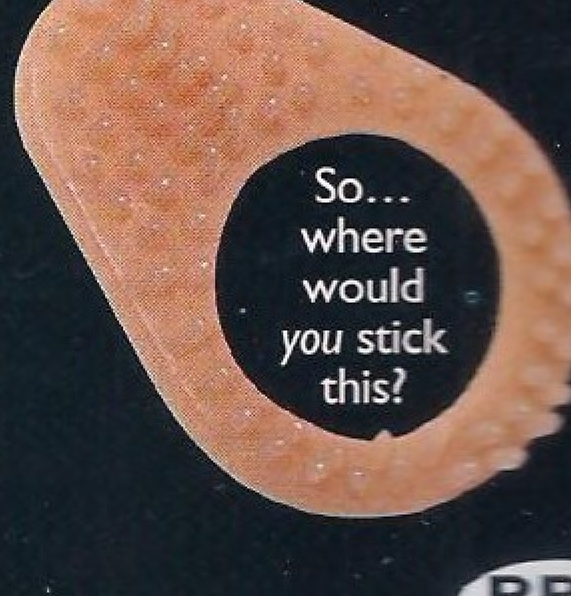


JODIE FOSTER

She's got Oscars, BAFTAs and a lovely pair of Golden Globes!

SEX TOYS SPECIAL

Female Readers Open Up


So… where would *you* stick this?

BIRDS, BOOZE, DYKES & BIKES!

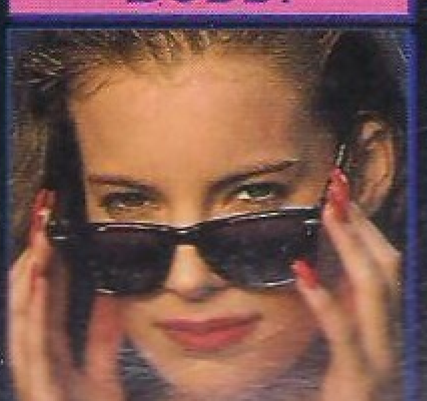
What More Could A Man Want?

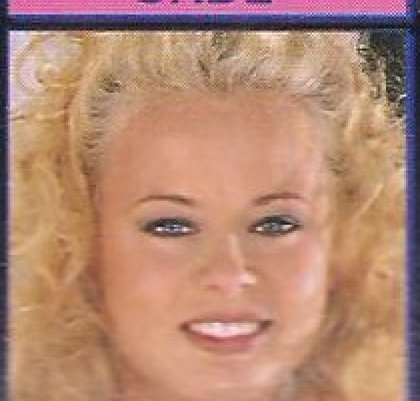
PRP

Nine Of The World's Most Beautiful Women Await You Inside…

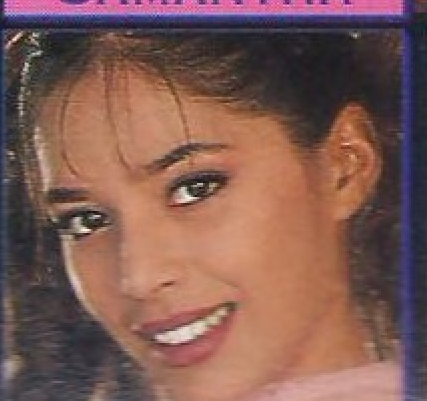
MONIKA

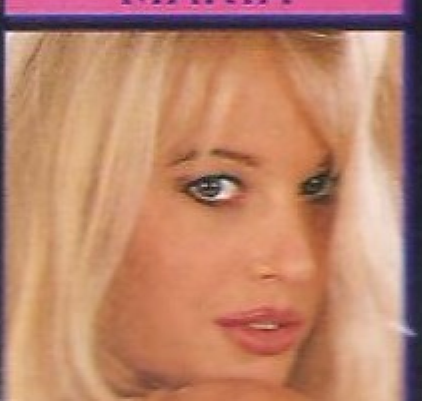
SANDY

BOBBI


JADE


TINA & SUZY

SAMANTHA


MARIA


JENNY

PLUS! LEWD LETTERS FROM RUDE READERS • A HARD-CORE PORN PERFORMER HOLDS HER OWN
FAST CARS FOR FLASH BASTARDS • LOOSE-LIPPED POP STARS PUT THEIR FOOT IN IT • AND MOUNDS MORE!

MAYFAIR
PRP A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION
Volume 31 Number 9
A Paul Raymond Production

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Stephen K Morris	*Monika and Bobbi*
Chantel Thomas	*Sandy, Jade and Jenny*
Jack Harrison	*Samantha*
Peter Flodqvist	*Tina & Suzy*
Geoff Howes	*Maria*
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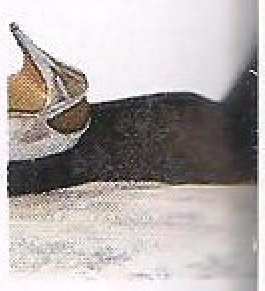
PHONE: 0171 292 8000
FAX: 0171 734 5030
e-mail: mayfair@pr-org.co.uk

5 **Monika** At the car wash, at the car wash YEAH! Sensational Seventies ditties are one thing, but Monika's sensational titties are quite another…

Samantha All the way from the Isle of Man our 19-year-old trainee optician is a real eye-opener – she sports some super TTs, too!

15



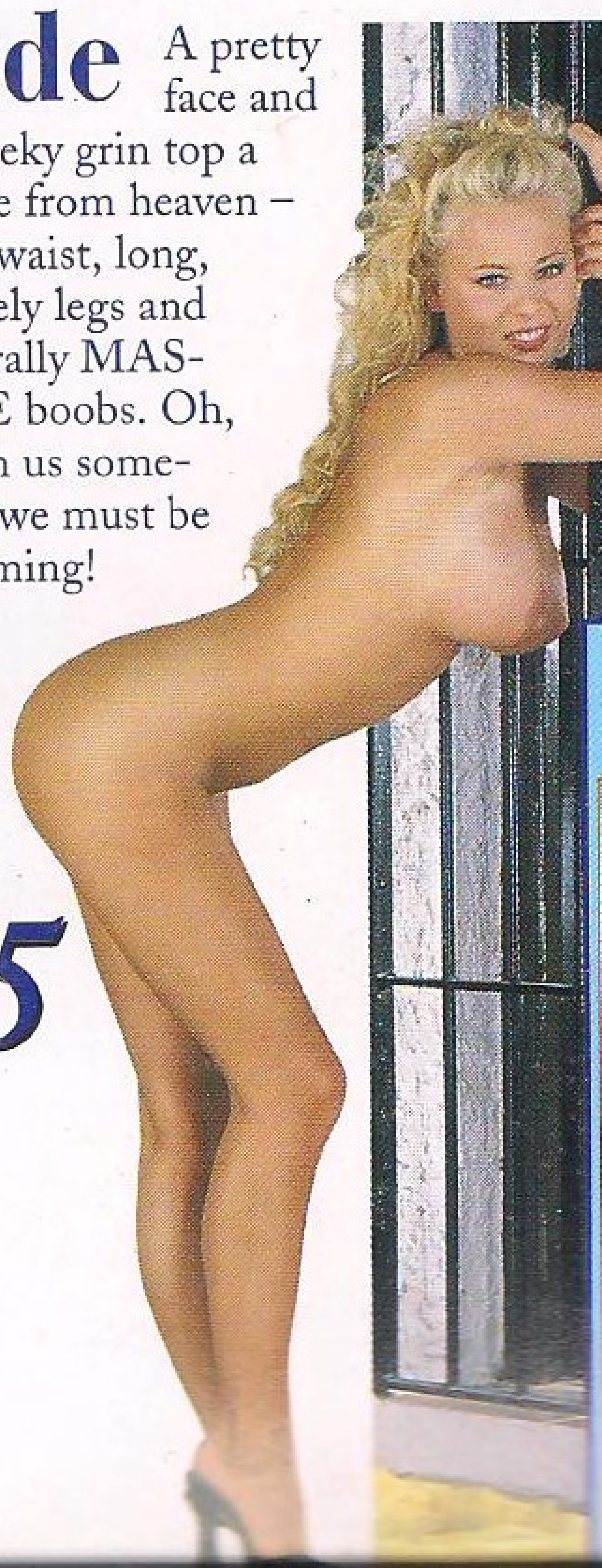
Sandy Another first for *Mayfair* – this gorgeous young bass player from Camden Town will certainly pluck your heart strings!

Bobbi This gorgeous graphic designer from Lichfield plans on visiting Brazil soon – our South American chums will go *nuts* when she does!

24

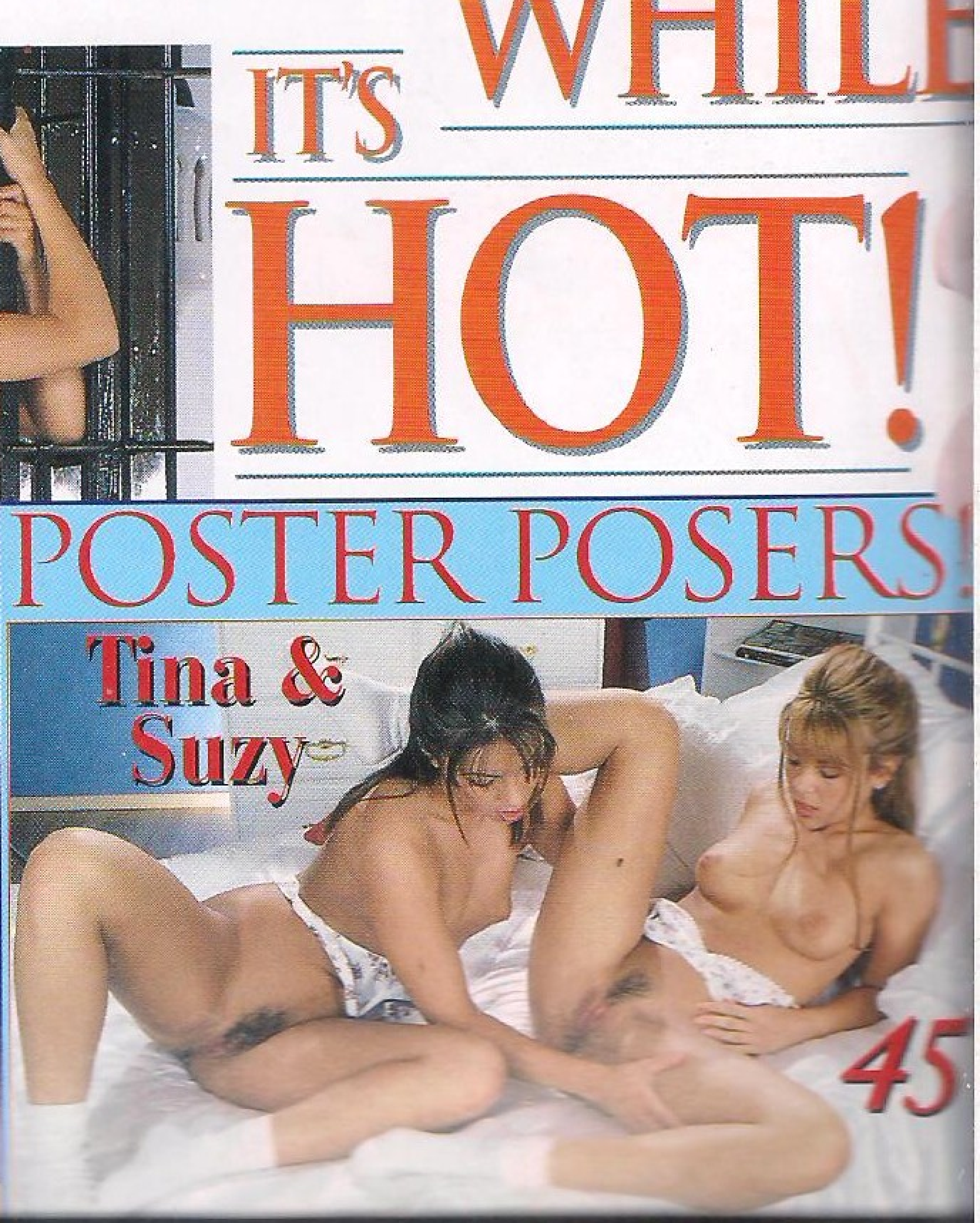
COM
GET
WHILE
IT'S HOT!

Jade A pretty face and a cheeky grin top a figure from heaven – slim waist, long, shapely legs and naturally MASSIVE boobs. Oh, pinch us someone, we must be dreaming!



35

POSTER POSERS!



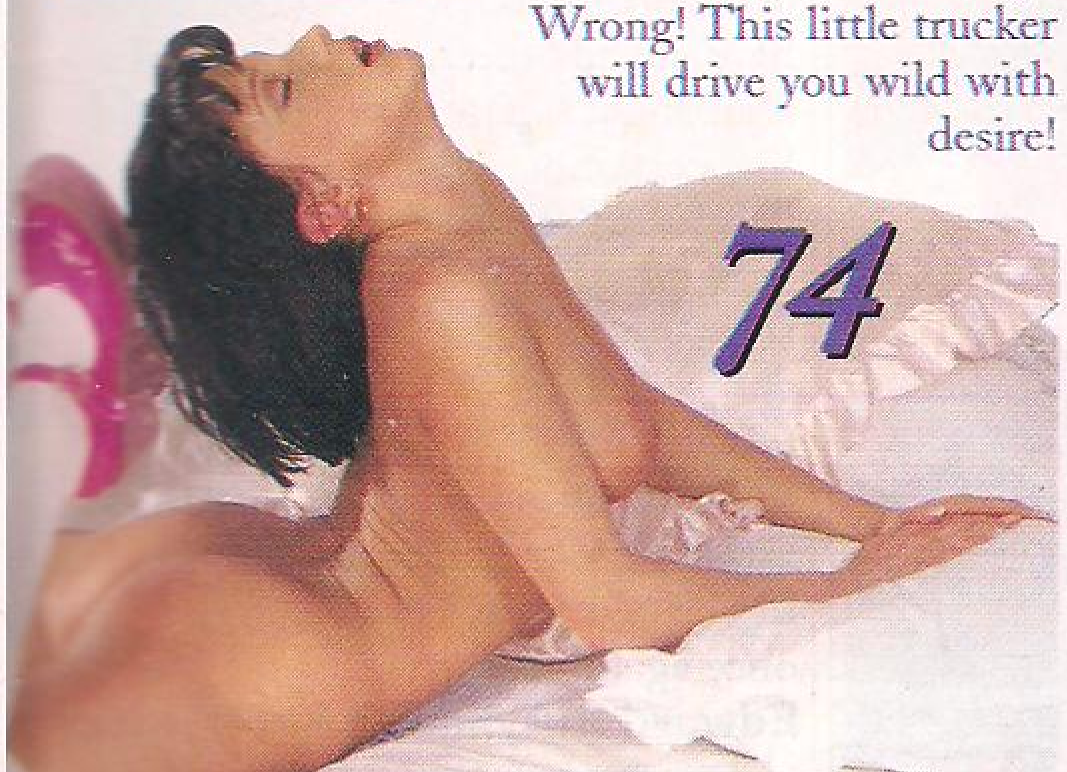
45

Maria Ave Maria! She's beautiful, blonde, bubbly and, by God, she looks bloody lovely with her bum stuck in the air!

E AND

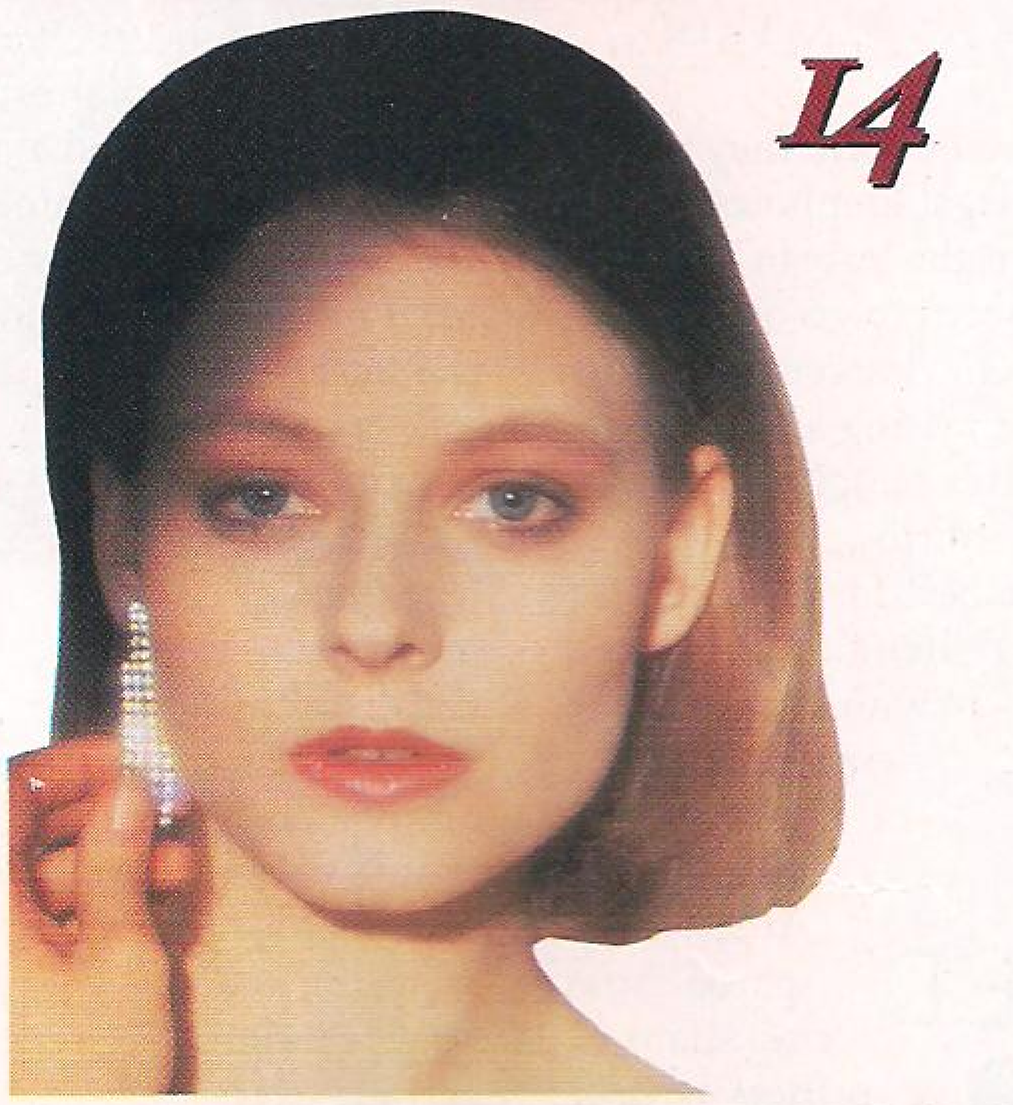
IT…

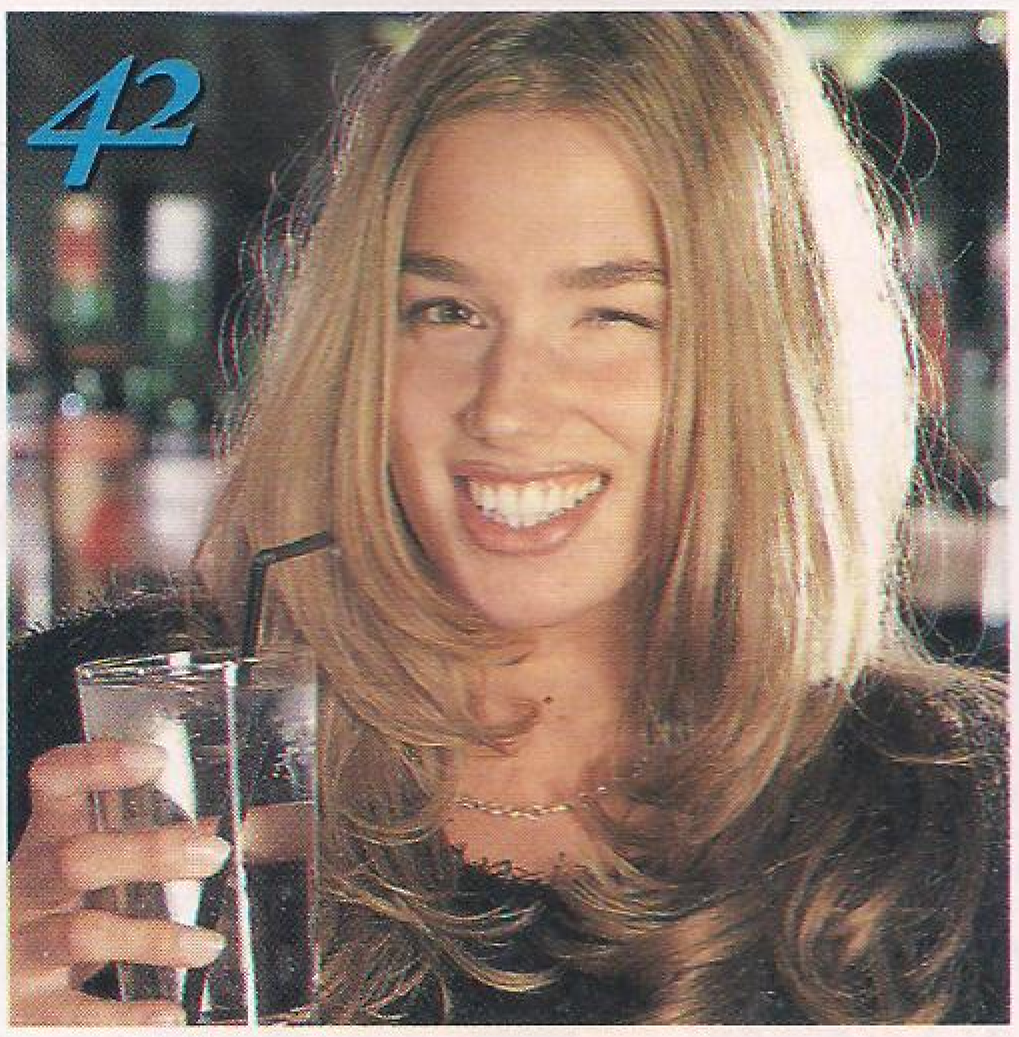
Jenny Long-distance lorry drivers – they're all hairy, fat and smell of service stations, don't they? Wrong! This little trucker will drive you wild with desire!

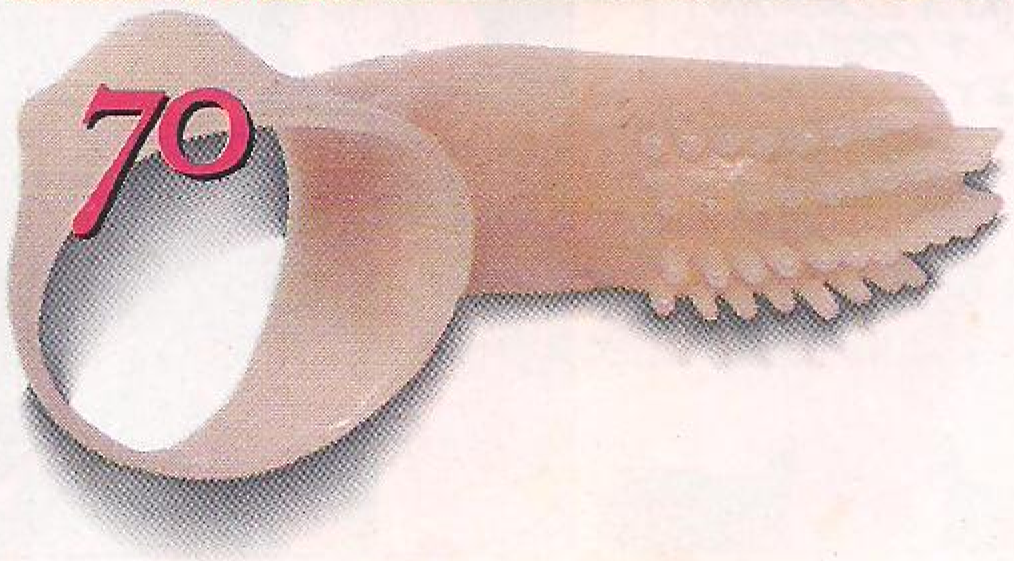


APOLOGY

Following the production of these two contents pages, it has come to our attention that a series of truly abysmal and utterly unfunny 'puns' have been used in practically every item of text. We now realise that these 'puns' are not worth the paper that they are printed upon, and therefore respectfully request that our readers accept our most humble apologies. Sorry!







WHERE IT'S AT

Mayfair Male 4

The 'Great Foot Debate' marches on, gathering pace as pro and anti protagonists put the boot in – plus all the usual wank fantasies that readers expect us to believe!

Drew Barrymore 12

Less is definitely (Barry)more when it comes to how this feisty young film star decides to dress. Forget any questions about acting abilities – let's just see those tits!

Jodie Foster 14

During her glittering career Miss Foster has had critical acclaim heaped upon her, and now she receives her most prestigious accolade to date – an appearance in *Mayfair*!

That's Snow Business! 22

Word is that snowboarding is about to be included as a competitive event in the next Winter Olympics – we strap on an old ironing board and a pair of wellies…

Scene From Mayfair… 30

It's packed! It's stacked! It's totally cracked! This issue sees a righteous ruck between the Minogue sisters, some saucy snaps of Linda Bellingham (the Oxo lady) and more!

Top Class Tipples 42

There's a real art to getting shit-faced in style, and this issue we recruit *Mayfair* favourite Claire Cass to help us discover how it should be done. Bottoms up, fellas!

Object Of Desire 54

Alfa Romeo have long been regarded as purveyors of fine quality motor cars – and this issue's featured jalopy is certainly that. It's quicker than a cheetah on steroids!

Good Lord! 62

We were going to start this bit with the words 'Ooh la la' because our featured hardcore porn star happens to be French. But that would have been worse than the puns!

Quest 70

The *Mayfair* offices have been buzzing all month due to the latest instalment in our on-going *Quest* series. Yes, you guessed it, we're focusing on sex aids this issue…

Coming Up 98

Find out why we're not running the results of our 'Select-A-Set' special this issue, gawp in wonder at the flawless lines of lovely little Tommi who'll be making a welcome return to our pages next month, check out the forthcoming celebrity nudes – and take out a subscription before we hike the price up!

see that censorship effectively re-imposed by the use of razors.

I much prefer fully-furred pussies framed by dense coats of hair as nature intended. Unfortunately, the fashion in recent years has been for the *Baywatch* bikini line with pubic muffs trimmed back or cropped to stubble. Some girls actually seem to sport a ridiculous Hitler moustache on their lower abdomen!

Only a few years ago, women were much more natural in this area, as shown in your *Decades Of Decadence* section. If models today insist on savagely hacking their bushes, could you not print some of the older pictures full-size?

I do agree with John in his demand for imaginative posing in the girl sets and some girls with more clothes *on*. The photograph on page 44 of Vol 31 No 6 showing a girl smartly dressed in a mini-skirted suit is sexier than some of the pictures showing girls with no clothes on. A woman fully dressed but apparently in

continued on p21

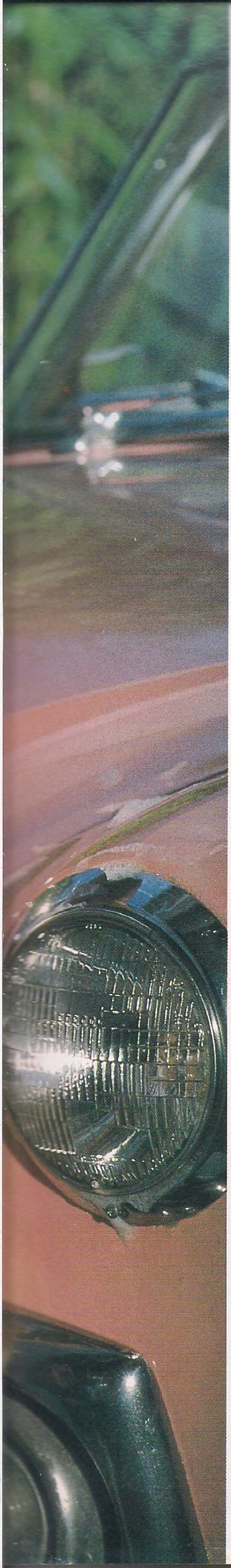
Top: The Great Furry Beaver
Below: The Common Hairless variety. Isn't nature wonderful!

MONIKA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN K MORRIS

Personal Details

Age: ***20***
Vital Statistics: ***34C-22-32***
Second Profession: ***Tourism Officer***
Home Town: ***Bath***



Give us three good reasons why we should visit Bath, then…

Well, you've got the beautiful Georgian architecture of the town and the world-famous Roman baths…

That's two reasons…

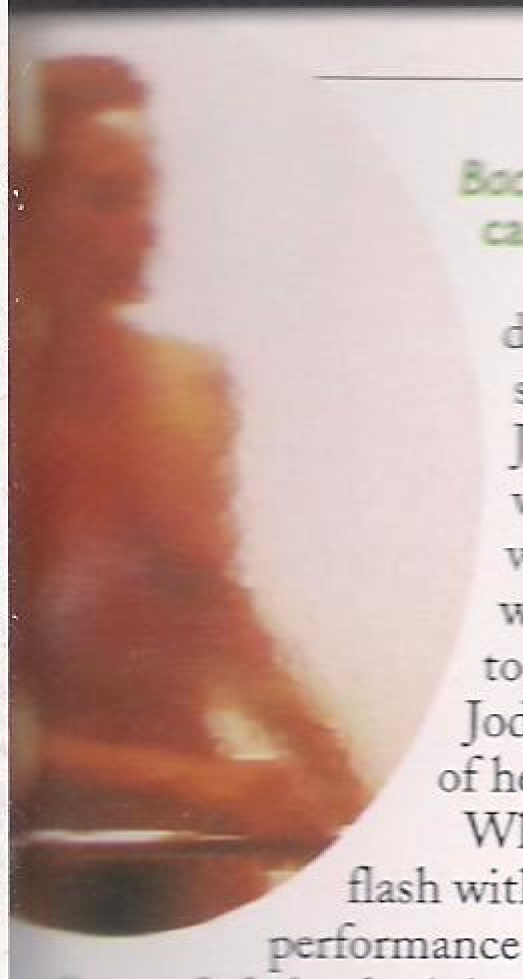
And if you don't come to Bath, you've got no chance of bumping into me and trying out your chat-up lines. I love being chatted up!

Which lines would we have the best chance of scoring with?

Oh, I don't know – just so long as you keep trying. If you're persistent enough, you'll definitely get to see my pussy.

And what happens after that?
Hopefully after you've had a look, you'll want to start touching. Nothing beats being licked out by a willing tongue. That gets me so hungry and wet for cock, I usually end up ripping my way through the guy's boxer shorts with my nails to get at his prick and stuff it into me.

All of that for trying to chat you up?
Well, I do generally like to feel the goods first. If we're standing at a bar I'll reach over, put my hand down your trousers, give you a squeeze and see what kind of pistol you're packing. If you measure up, I'll let you keep going. And all the time I'll be thinking about your cock…



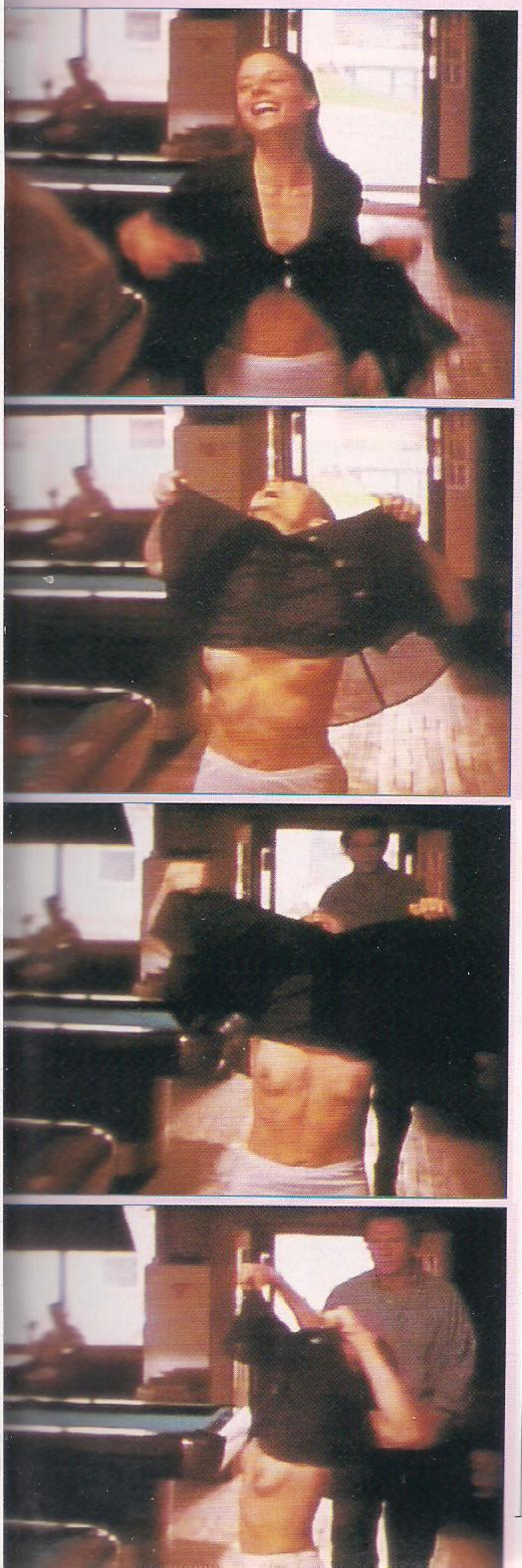
Backtrack: "Focus, idiot – I can almost see her beaver!"

director Dennis Hopper, so the credit went to Alan J Smithee, a name used whenever a helmer doesn't want to be associated with what the studio has done to his work. But at least Jodie gives us a brief glimpse of her Golden Globes.

When it's justified, JF can flash with the best of 'em. Her performance as wild child *Nell* demanded she ditch her kit for a dip in the lake.

A reclusive star, Jodie's unmarried status means there's still hope for all red-blooded males. In our book, any gal who'd be willing to see a Scorsese film with you has got to be alright. If she's actually in it, so much the better! Ⓜ

Nell: "Honest, Jodie, the only words the poor girl raised in the wild understands are 'Get your tits out for the lads'. And… action! Nice mams!"



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHANTEL THOMAS

SANDY

Personal Details

Age: *18*

Vital Statistics: *32C-22-32*

Second Profession: *Musician*

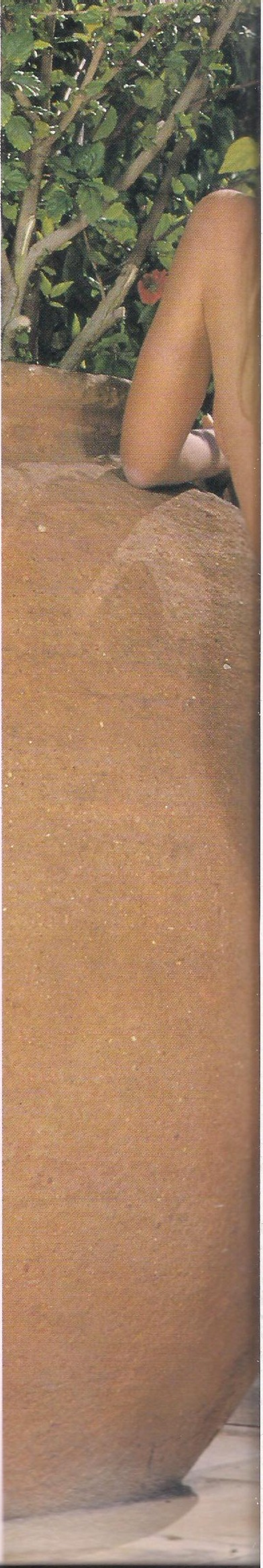
Home Town: *London*

What sort of music do you play?
I play bass guitar in an all-girl band. We're sort of punky and we usually play in North London, though we're hoping to go on a tour of the country soon if we get signed up.

Has there been much interest so far?
It's hard to tell – we're all quite good looking, so we get lots of men pretending to be A&R men just to get into our knickers.

Have they had any success in their efforts?
I did have one guy who said he was a producer. I knew he wasn't, but he was very cute so I waited until morning then threw beer over him!

Natural
Line



Does music pay well, then? ***No! But we have a deal at one venue where we get paid more the fewer clothes we wear! It all started when we were skint and the promoter said he paid his strippers double, so we stripped as we played and got twice as much!***

What was the audience's reaction?
Totally crazy. I've never seen so many stage invasions at one gig. I ended up hitting some of them with my guitar. But it was all in good fun and was pretty exciting.

So what will you do when you're on *Top Of The Pops*?
Ah, we've got that all planned out already. I'm not supposed to say, but it's very rude and I don't think they'll invite us back!

MAYFAIR Male

continued from p5 the throes of sexual ecstasy is a lot more erotic than a model wearing the sort of underwear only found in a photographer's prop box.

In the same vein, I can't understand the recent fad for two-girl sets depicting lesbian fondlings. I find nothing erotic in these pictures. One girl lying on a bed with a 'come hither' look might be part of a man's sexual fantasy, but two girls adopting silly postures in front of a camera look like two girls adopting silly postures in front of a camera! If they really are lesbians, there's no room for 'me' in the scene. Two girls sitting naked on a bed holding hands would be sexier than two girls playing 'Twister'. Do any of your readers actually enjoy these daft pictures?

EVERYBODY WAS JEALOUS OF KATE'S ONE-NIGHT STAND

I think *Mayfair* readers prefer quality to quantity and there is a certain "two for the price of one" bargain basement value in these type of sets that makes *Mayfair* seem like all the other top-shelf titles. However, having grouched enough, I must say I like the changes in the last few editions and hope the improvements will continue.

Ian W, Hayes, Middlesex

Reply: *Resident agony uncle Warwick Hunt suggested you buy a pack of brillo pads and stick them between the legs of under-furred models – hey presto – instant bush! Seriously though, thanks for a great piece of constructive criticism.*

ENGLAND 2 GERMANY TOO!

My wife Sammy and I set up our own business when we left university six years ago. We had to make a lot of sacrifices but it was worth it as our company is now a great success. As a treat, we decided to take our first holiday together for almost eight years. We splashed out a bit to make the holiday worthwhile and in early April set off for three weeks in the Maldives.

That holiday has changed our lives, or rather, the couple we met out there have. Rosi and Gunter are from Berlin and like us, have their own successful firm. Sammy and I were taking a boat to a little island, and the Germans were too. I saw Rosi first and I liked what I saw. She was tall, blonde and had a great body – the kind of cool German woman who sends shivers down your spine.

We got talking and it came as a shock when she introduced Gunter as her husband. My first impression was that he was a total slob and he must have been twenty years older than Rosi, who was in her mid-20's. I assumed he must have loads of money, but Sammy later told me he was incredibly charming and attentive and she could see the attraction.

We spent a lot of time with them and by the start of the second week they'd made a proposition – basically, wife-swapping. Far from being shocked or disgusted, Sammy and I discussed it and found we were both interested. We used to be quite wild in our student days and were keen to recapture some of that excitement. That night, we had dinner in Rosi and Gunter's lavish suite. After a couple of bottles of wine, Gunter disappeared with my wife, leaving me with Rosi.

She started the ball rolling by taking out my dick and giving me some hand relief, then taking me in her mouth. She was obviously an expert. As she sucked, I eased her dress up to reveal her little red panties. I began to finger her wet slit and it didn't take long for us both to want a proper fuck.

She got on her knees and told me to shaft her doggy-style. She had a fantastic, hard bum and as I could hear familiar groans coming from the next room, I was inspired to give Rosi a good rogering from behind. I rammed into her tight pussy for a while, but more important things were obviously happening in the bedroom. Rosi asked if I'd like to see my wife and Gunter going for it and I admitted that it was a fantasy of mine to see Sammy being fucked by another man.

She led me into the room where I saw Sammy sprawled on the bed, dressed in Rosi's black stockings and suspenders. Gunter was licking her out hungrily, obviously turned on by the sexy lingerie. He whispered something in Sammy's ear. She looked at me, grinned and nodded.

I watched as his finger ran along her pussy towards her bum crack. Gunter started to tickle around her arsehole then, to my amazement, pushed his finger up there. Sammy was lying on her side, facing me with her legs spread so I could see his finger push deeper into her. Rosi could see my wide eyes and open mouth and said Gunter loved anal sex. She was surprised Sammy and I hadn't tried it and asked if I wanted to take her that way. I did, but I needed to keep watching Sammy for a while longer.

> **“ I ADMITTED THA IT WAS A FANTASY MINE TO SEE SAMM BEING FUCKED BY ANOTHER MAN**

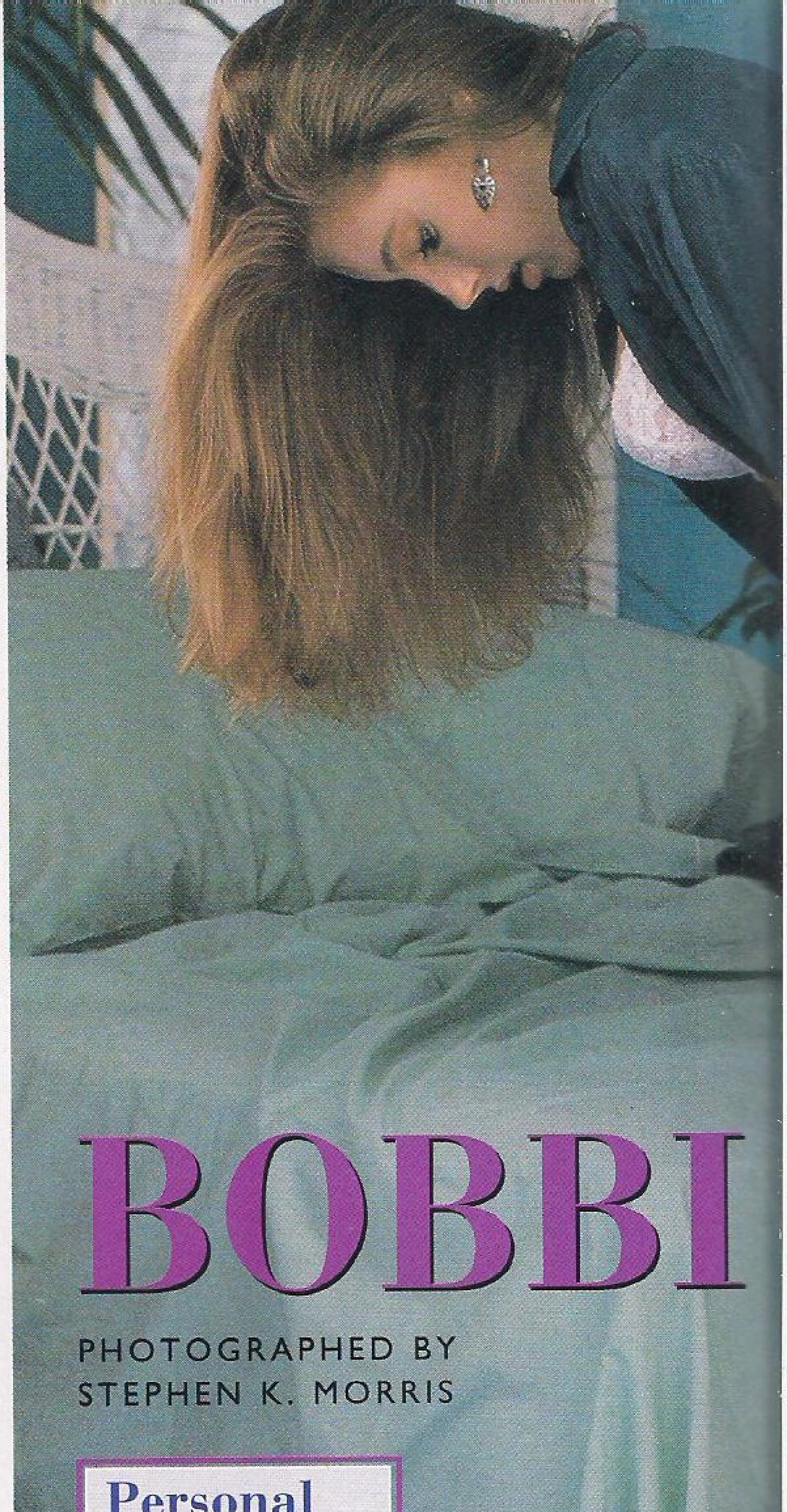
Gunter whispered something else and my wife nodded again. He produced a tube of some sort of jelly and rubbed it around her bum hole and onto his thick shaft. Obviously, I knew what he was going to do, but it was still a shock when he pushed his huge cock up my wife's arse. Rosi began to wank me off again while I stayed glued to the spot.

He didn't push his whole cock up her, but it was enough to send Sammy into a frenzy. She screamed louder and louder as he pushed harder and fed a bit more into her with each thrust. Her eyes were shut tight all the time apart from one delicious moment when she looked straight at me and licked her red lips.

I'd seen enough. I took Rosi into the other room and roughly shoved my prick up her bum. I've never had such an intense response or had my cock in such a tight hole. Rosi wasn't screaming as loud as my wife in the next room, but she was certainly making her feelings known. Most of it was in German but when her orgasm took hold of her, she could have been speaking any language in the world! I pulled my prick out and bucked my hips as my spunk shot all over her bare bum.

> **“ HE PUSHED HAR AND FED A BIT MO INTO HER WITH EA THRUST ”**

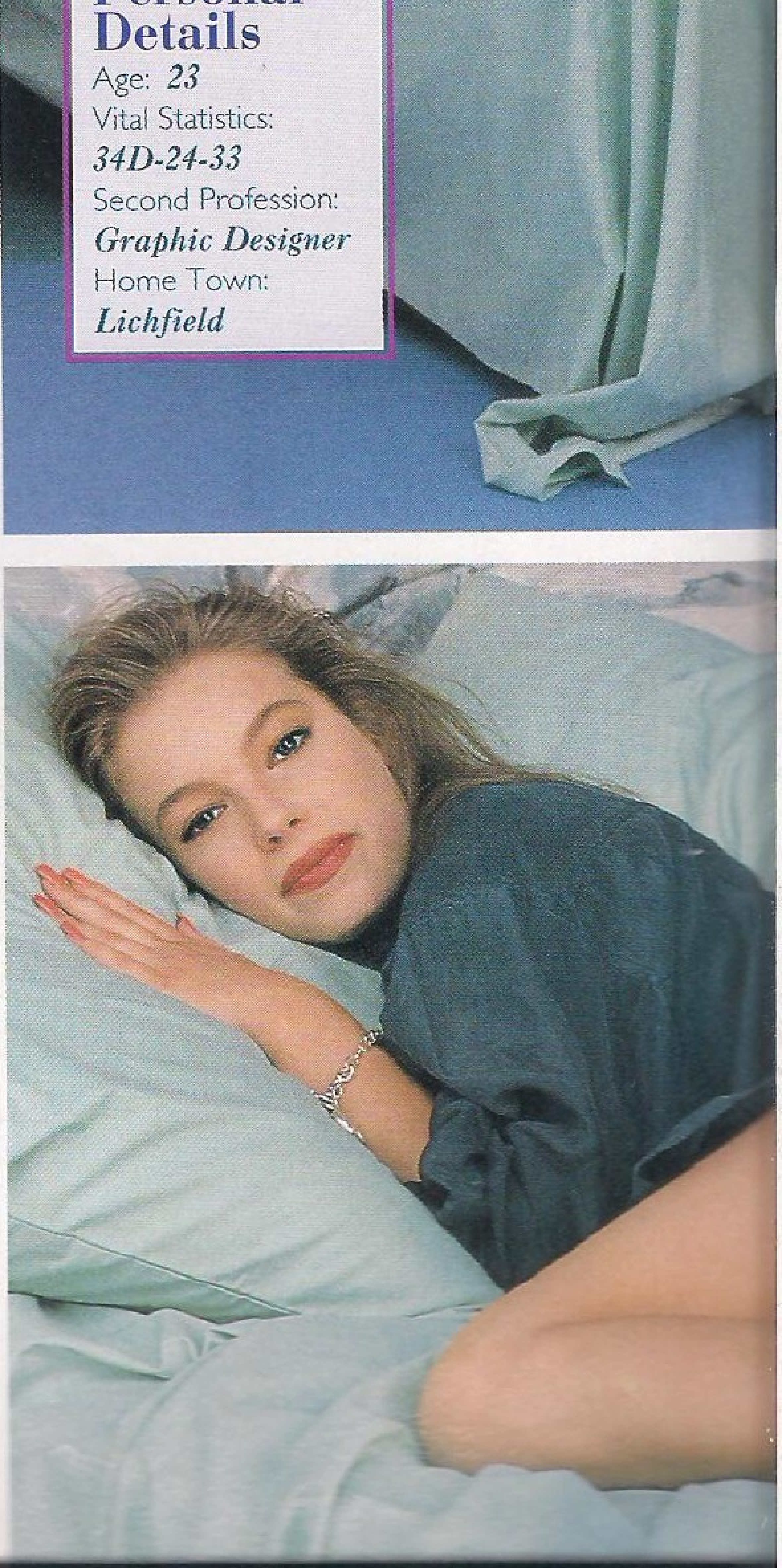
Since then, we haven't looked back. Anal sex is a regular feature of our love-making now, and we enjoyed regular wife-swapping nights with Rosi continued on p61



BOBBI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
STEPHEN K. MORRIS

Personal Details
Age: *23*
Vital Statistics:
34D-24-33
Second Profession:
Graphic Designer
Home Town:
Lichfield



How do you spend all that money you must make as a designer?
What money? I work freelance, so I never know when the next cheque's arriving. I like to save up and treat myself to a really exotic holiday as far away from British rain as possible!

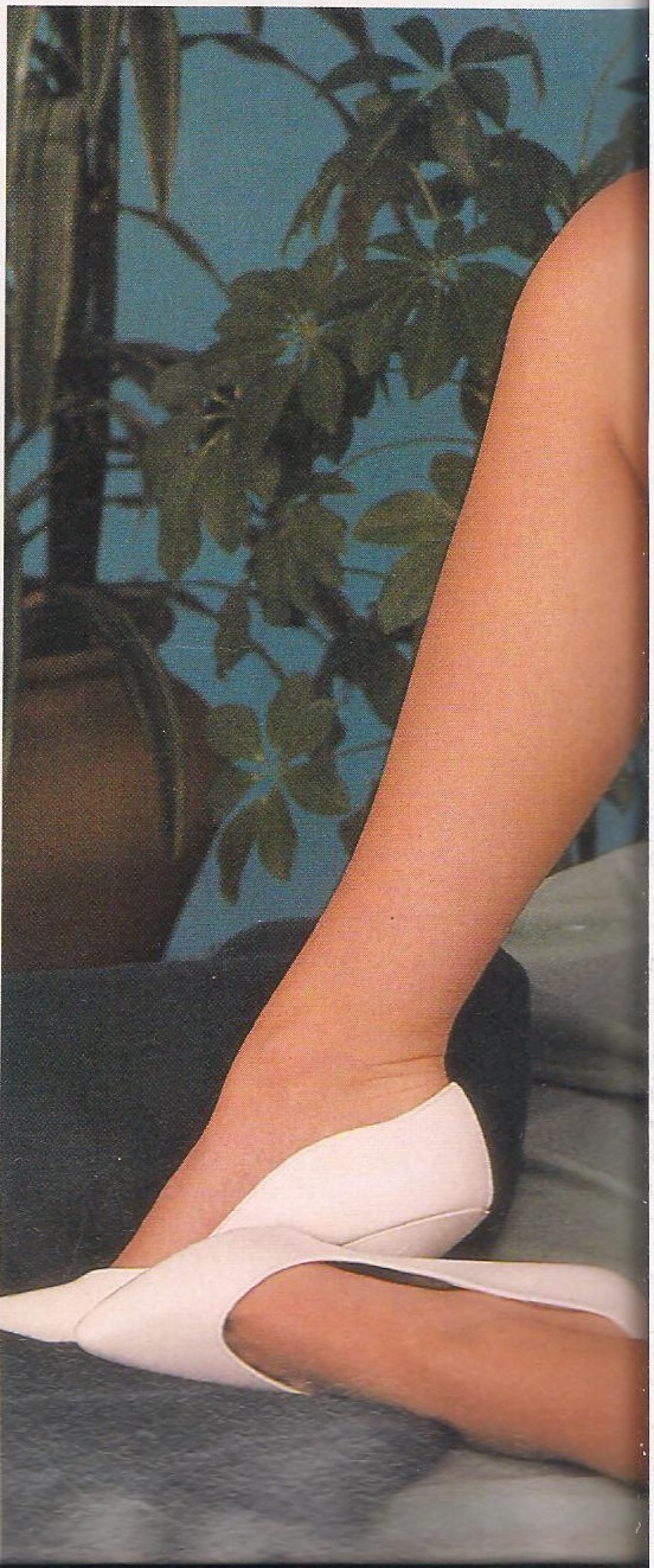
What's your next destination?
Brazil, hopefully. I've heard such good things about it.

What like it's picturesque?
Well, to be honest, I hear that the men there are absolutely gorgeous, all tanned and slim!

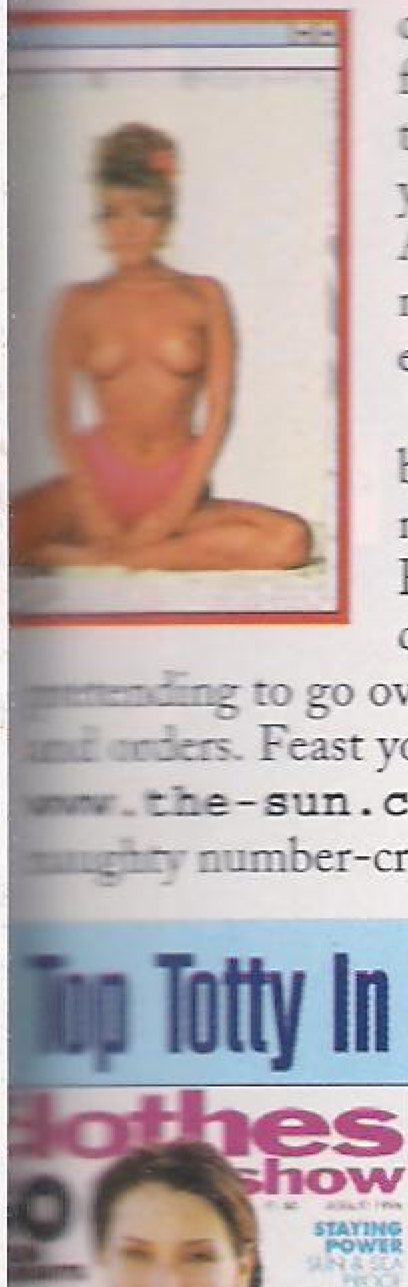
Has that influenced your choice of destination in the past, then?
You betcha! When I went to Italy for the first time – I thought I'd died and gone to heaven, there were so many sexy men everywhere! Spain was the same – I tend to go for latin types full of passion. They can be immature when they get in a mood, though.

You're speaking from experience?
I had a bit of a fling with a surfer when I was in Crete. Sex was fantastic – I hardly got to see any of the historical sites, we were in bed so much! When I said I was going home, he got into a right strop.

Sounds understandable, Bobbi…



HREE STUNNA!



can personalise your choices from 50 girls and piss off all the women in your office with your own wolf-whistle alarm. All yours for less than £20, mate. Best of all, you don't even have to buy the rag itself!

The Murdoch boys' double-breasted assault on technology continues with a new Page Three Internet page you can check out while you're pretending to go over those boring old invoices and orders. Feast your eyes by logging on to: `www.the-sun.co.uk.` Happy hunting, you naughty number-crunchers!

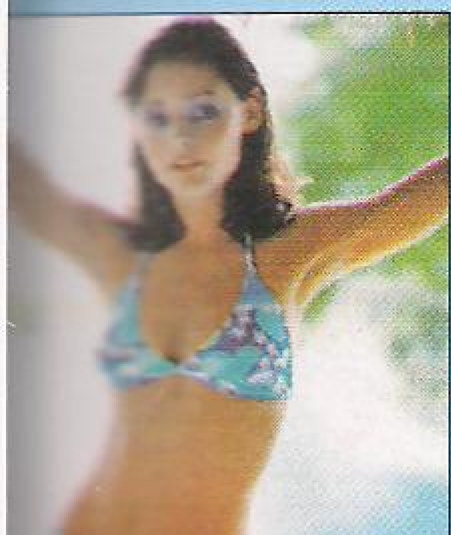
Top Totty In Your Missus' Mag

A slight departure this month. We're looking through the pages of *Clothes Show*, priced at a bargain £1.60. Our attention was immediately drawn to the words "Butt Naked" on the front cover, so we put down *Soldier Of Fortune* and retired to the famed porcelain research throne.

Page 12 reveals the lengths lasses will go to with a bra for yer arse called the "Bum Lifter". Just three pages on we encounter a fully-fledged nipple! Well, it is an ad for Durex.

We get to page 30 with a four-page article on naturism complete with nude shots (and strategically-placed petals). You can just imagine the *Clothes Show* luvvies at their editorial meeting: Tarquin: "We're about clothes, so how about we go potty and do *people who wear no clothes*?!"

Fenella: "Tarquin, you are a *genius*!"



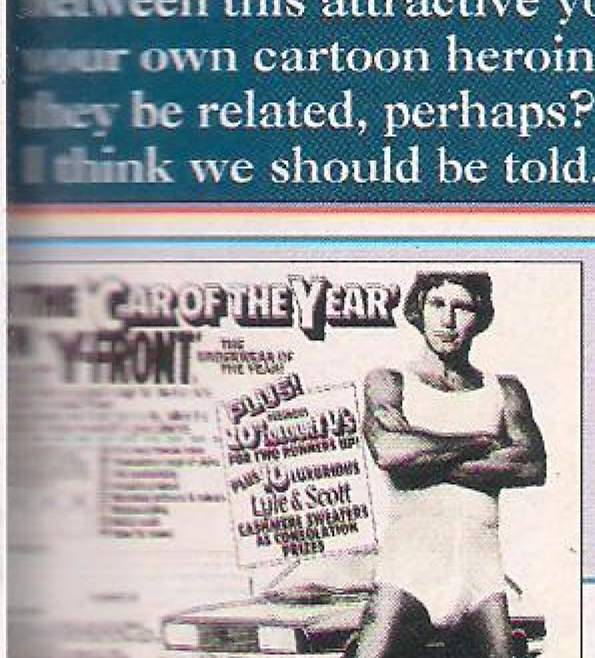
Skip to page 60 and join our sub-ed in worshipping at the temple of a model called Lucia. She's in a spread about floral prints and page 65 is already in a silver frame on his desk. There's a picture of Jayne Mansfield on page 108 to leave a pleasant taste in the mouth. Verdict: give Lucia a regular slot and we'll subscribe!

PBF "Carrie, come home!"

PHONE BOX FLIER OF THE MONTH

Dear Sir: While making an important phone call last week, I was struck by the remarkable resemblance between this attractive young lady and your own cartoon heroine, Carrie. Could they be related, perhaps? I think we should be told.

OTM



With those kecks and that car Chevy shows that one day he must inevitably be a top comedian

Personal Details
Age: ***21***
Vital Statistics: ***38D-24-34***
Second Profession: ***Croupier***
Home Town: ***Liverpool***

JADE

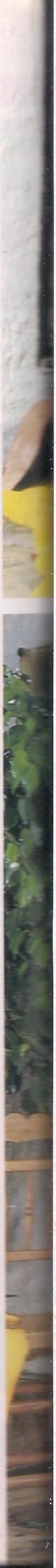
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHANTEL THOMAS

You work as a croupier, but do you ever have a bet yourself?
Not really. I'm just the same as most people – once a year at the Grand National is more or less my limit.

What's the biggest bet you've taken?
A really flash Japanese businessman came into the casino once, walked up to me at the roulette wheel and dumped £30,000 of chips on red.

What happened?
It came up black! He didn't look disappointed at all – he even sent me a bottle of champagne later in the night.

You must get chatted up quite a lot?
You wouldn't believe some of the lines I get…



What's the worst one, then?
That came from a well-known footballer who was flashing his cash around. When I was taking a break at the bar, he sidled up to me and said "You know who I am, and you know what I want, and I want it tonight!" What a bighead!

So he didn't get it?
Oh yes he did! He was a complete idiot and not even very good looking, but I had him in the back of his big Mercedes. All I can say is it's a good job he can kick a ball, because he's no good at anything else!

What should he have done?
I love it when men take their time and get me warmed up with lots of deep kissing and caressing before we get down to business. Then I like to take them with me on top. I make them close their eyes as I ride them, warning them that I'll stop if they take a peek! Of course, they all peek in the end, but usually by that time I'm past caring!

Working at night, you can't get much practice…

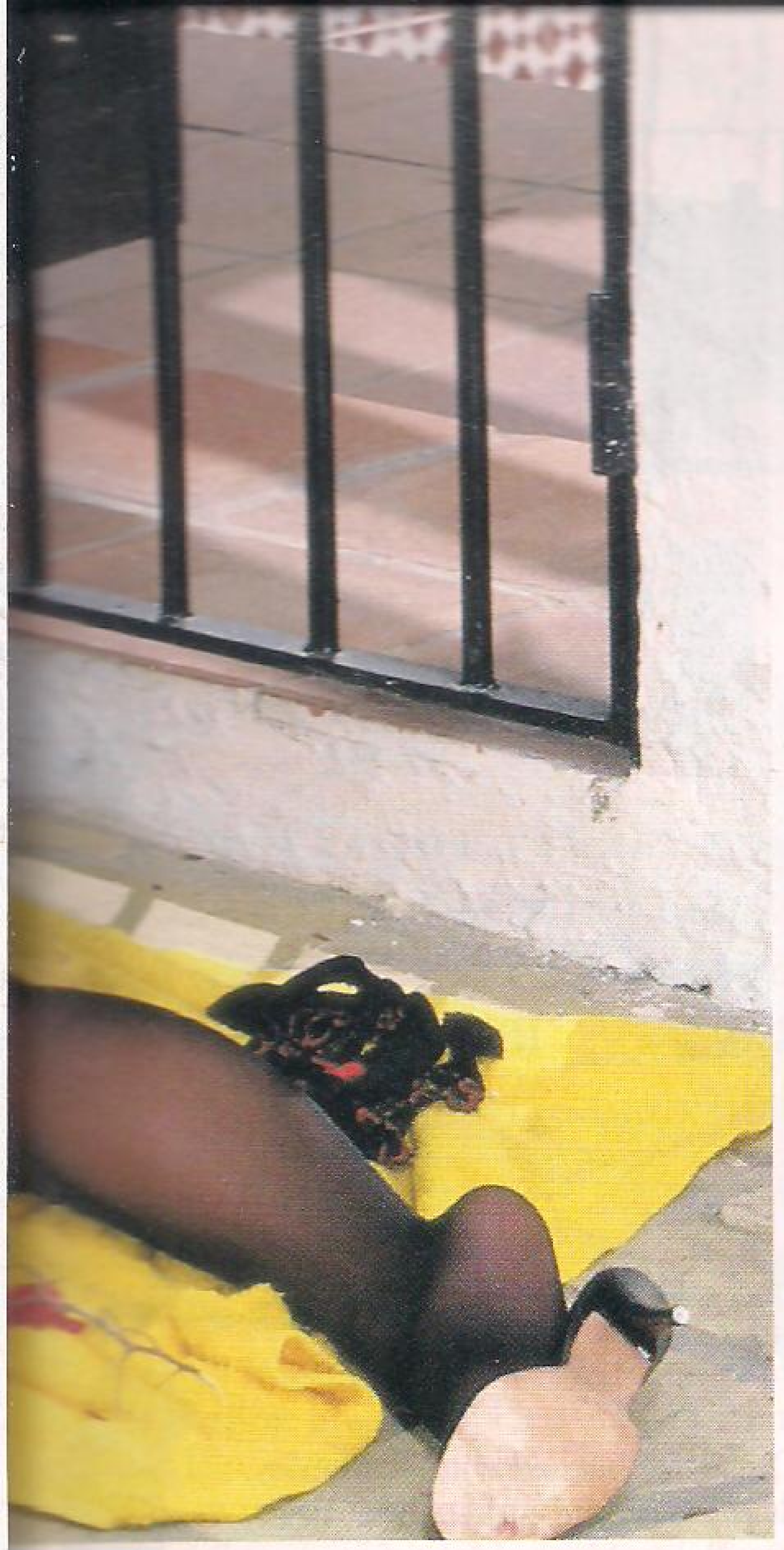
Don't you believe it! Sex is much better during the day, when you've got more energy to burn up. The only drawback is that sometimes I'm so tired after a day in the sack I can hardly drag myself to work!

Any plans for the future?

To make loads of money and have an orgasm that lasts over an hour! Come to think of it, you can keep the money – I'll take the orgasm!

You sound as if you're sex mad!

Of course I am – and anyone who says they're not is telling lies. It's nothing to be ashamed of – there really is no better feeling than having a nice, hard cock inside your fanny. I'm getting carried away… Ⓜ



GIN

Origin:

Another spirit with origins in Holland. Gin is the English bastardisation of the Dutch word for Juniper berries, which is Genever. In fact the phrase 'Dutch Courage' is associated with gin. When English troops were sent to Holland in the late 16th Century to help the Cloggies throw off Spanish rule, they slurped an appealing alcoholic beverage called Genever shortly before going into battle to give themselves a certain stupid fearlessness. When William of Orange of Holland became King of England, gin drinking really took off. The entire population of London was soon permanently sloshed on the stuff and more people died in the capital than were born. Hence the phrase 'Mother's Ruin'.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

WHAT THEY'RE MADE FROM…

Tequila:	*Agave*
Whisky:	*Barley*
Vodka:	*Grain/Potatoes*
Rum:	*Sugar Cane*
Gin:	*Juniper Berries*
Brandy:	*Fruit (usually Grape)*
Champagne:	*Grapes*

Sexual Effects:

Are you kidding? If either you or your target for the night start getting seriously tanked on gin we're talking trouble. Picture the conversation: Him (sobbing): "Oh God, you have such lovely eyes. I can't stand it!" Her (weeping): "I want you to make love to me all night long, to take away the pain of living." Him (blubbering): "I'm such a loser, I hate myself!" Her (wailing): "All my friends say I'm a slag." Get the picture? Not a good idea to quaff this one at home on your own, due to gin's uniquely depressive buzz. If you do decide to drink it at home, ensure all the razor blades are locked away.

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you
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nd!

D BY STEVE COLBY

SUZY & TINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQVIST

Suzy
Age: *20*
Vital Statistics:
32D-23-32
Second Profession:
Sales Assistant
Home Town:
Ilkley

Tina
Age: *20*
Vital Statistics:
32C-22-33
Second Profession:
Hair Stylist
Home Town:
Otley

How did you meet?

***Tina:** We always went to the same clubs in Leeds and Bradford, so after a while we started to recognise a familiar face and got chatting. Then we realised we only lived a few miles apart from each other.*

***Suzy:** Now, I stay a week at Tina's and she stays at mine – it's like we've got two houses!*

Is there much to do at night in North Yorkshire?

Tina: Not unless you like beer – which is lucky 'cos I love it!

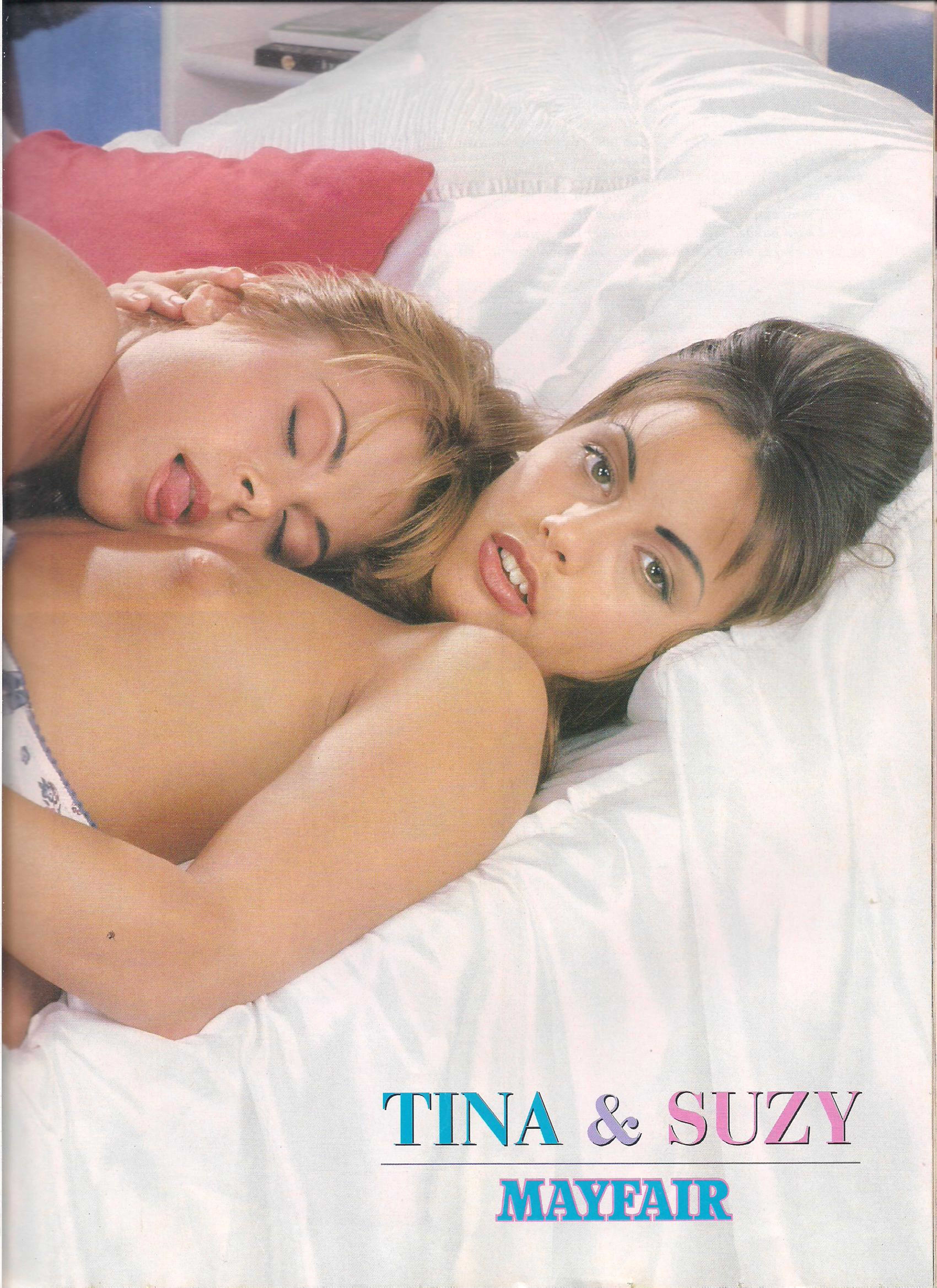
Suzy: You like it a bit too much, if you ask me! A couple of pints of Taddy and she's anyone's, I tell you!

Tina: Hark at little miss sensible! I suppose you were stone cold sober when you disappeared with that young farmer last weekend, were you?

Suzy: He just wanted to show me his prize bullocks, Tina.

Tina: But he's a sheep farmer from the dales!

Suzy: I knew that…



TINA & SUZY

MAYFAIR

No steady boyfriends, then?

***Tina:** No, we're having too much fun to be tied down.*

***Suzy:** And the real talent only hits town once a year when the cyclists come through on the Tour of Britain.*

***Tina:** We just stand there and gawp at their lovely, smooth, muscular legs.*

***Suzy:** I even handed my phone number to one of them.*

Did he get in touch?

***Suzy:** No, he didn't. Still, that's his loss.*

***Tina:** Besides, our latest craze is for the cave rescue guys who go and fish out the stupid townies when they get stuck down holes.*

***Suzy:** Yeah, they're really hunky. They can pull my rope whenever they want.*

***Tina:** And probably will!*

CER

At A Glance, It Looks Quite 'Armless...

International Touring Cars may look like mere saloons, but they race on Grand Prix circuits, so only real men need apply – men like Alessandro Nannini, former Benetton and Minardi F1 helmer. Alfa's top driver, he was about to sign for Ferrari when he lost an arm in a helicopter crash – but only weeks later, with the missing limb stitched back on, he was back behind the wheel and storming up the grid in this behemoth. With other top contenders being Larini and Tarquini, it seems that if you're Italian, you're in with a good chance of being first pasta post.

Subtle paint-job for camouflage effect

Numberplate-free, so no Gatso worries

Personal Details

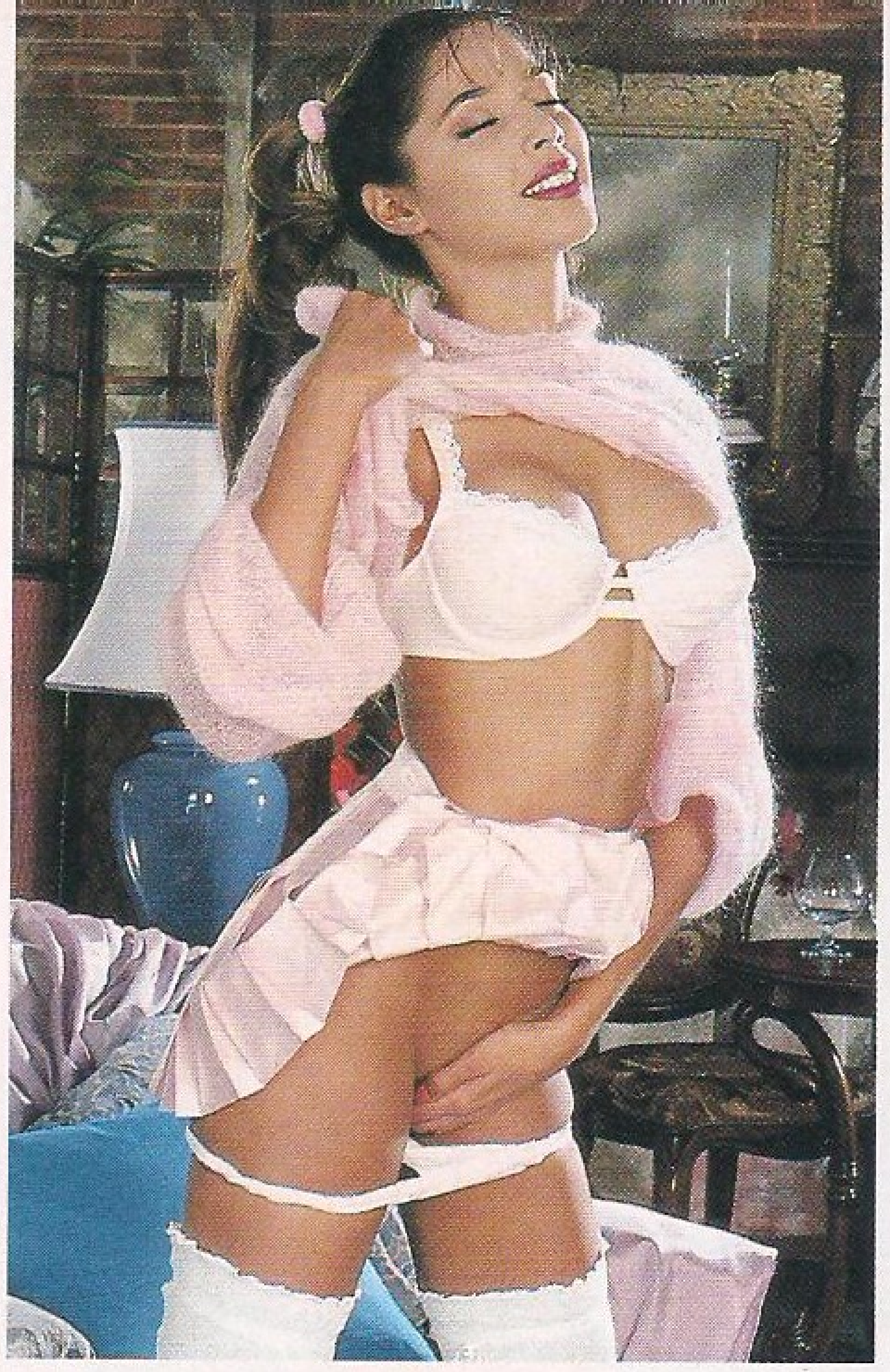
Age: *19*
Vital Statistics:
32c-22-32
Second Profession:
Trainee Optician
Home Town:
Douglas, IoM

SAMANTHA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK HARRISON

How have you spent your summer?
Doing as little as possible. The best thing about living on the Isle of Man is the fact that you're never more than a few miles away from the coast. There are actually some very nice beaches, and I've got one particular spot I've discovered that I'm not telling anyone about. You have to climb over a lot of rocks to get to it, but it's worth it – and always completely deserted.

Aren't you worried you'll get trapped by the incoming tide?
Not really. I'm not always on my own, you know! I do sometimes take a friend or lover along. Making love on an empty beach, I feel like I'm in From Here To Eternity *or something!*



If you're training to be an optician, you can answer an important question…
I've only just started, so I'm not exactly an expert, but I'll do my best to answer if I can. Fire away.

Does it really make you go blind?
What? [laughs] Oh, that! I certainly hope not, or I'll probably be getting a white stick pretty soon.

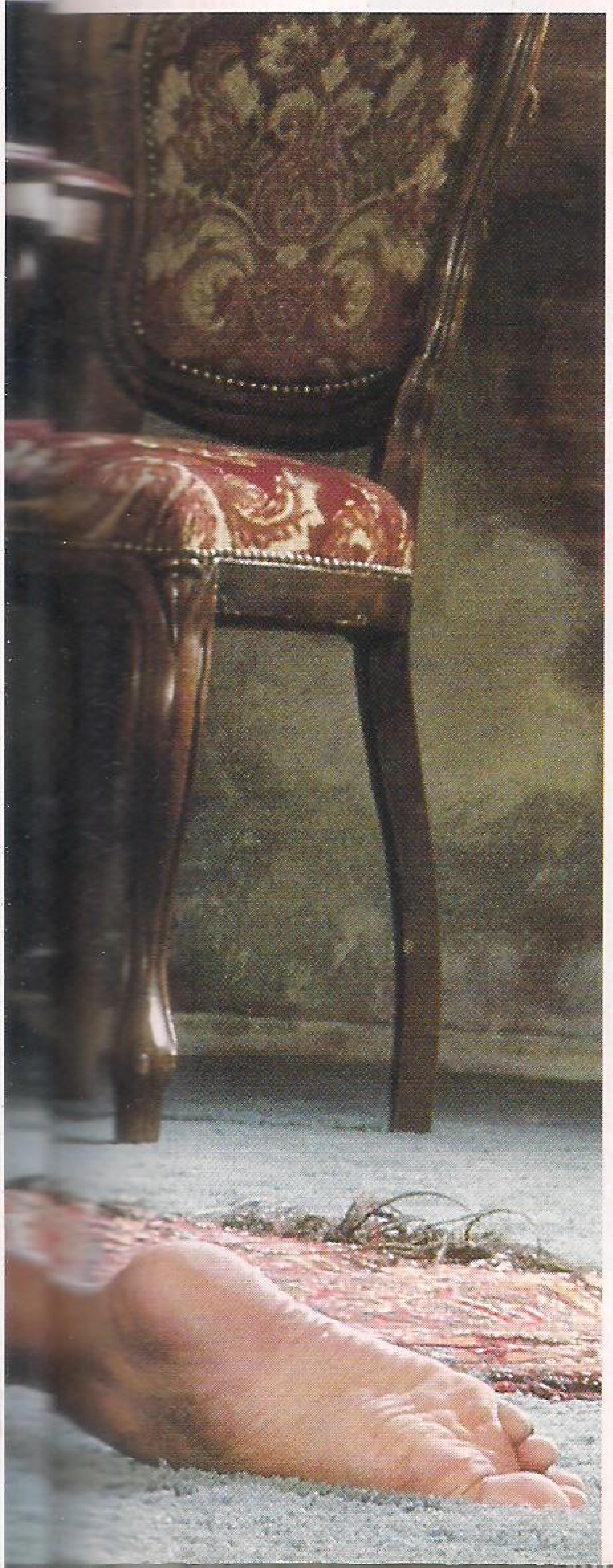
Surely there are plenty of blokes who'd be willing to take care of that for you?
I live on the Isle of Man, remember? The male talent is pretty thin on the ground I'm afraid, and the nightlife isn't too hot. the worst thing is that when you're in the mood to go out and be really crazy, you nearly always bump into someone you know and the next day the news is everywhere!

There are plenty of us on the mainland…
When my training's over, I think I might move to London or somewhere for a while and see a bit more of the world. But I love the island and I know I'll move back when I'm old and rich.

How else do you spend your time?
You won't believe this, but I've got a 500cc bike and when I get bored I just climb aboard and do a lap of the island.

So are we likely to see you 'Riding In The TT Races'?
One day, definitely. And I can guarantee that I'll win by a mile.

Why's that, then?
Because I know the island like the back of my hand and I'll cheat by taking all the short cuts! I can only see one problem – nothing turns me on more than seeing a hunky guy in shiny black leathers straddling a big bike. I might shag the competitors instead!



Carrie is up in arms when she meets a robot with a one track mind

continued from p21

and Gunter for the rest of our holiday. I'll never forget one night when all four of us were on the bed with my wife sucking me off while Rosi sat on my face and in turn sucked Gunter.

As recent converts to anal sex, Sammy and I would like to endorse everything your interviewees said in your recent *Quest* article. By the way, Rosi and Gunter are coming to stay for a week soon, so there might be another letter before long!

Justin & Sammy Parfitt, Telford

Reply: *Who said we can't all work together in the EC? You two are obviously not in favour of withdrawing from Europe.*

MAYFAIR Male

CARRY ON CARRIE

Please reinstate Carrie the cartoon heroine, particularly the early ones! I can always remember finding my brother's copies of *Mayfair* when I was younger and looking at Carrie. She was shown going over a farm gate when she got her dress caught on a nail. When the farmer came along, the lucky sod couldn't believe his luck so he stripped her of her few remaining clothes and decided to give her one. Unfortunately I never found out if he succeeded because my mum came into the room, saw the mag and gave me a good hiding – she wouldn't believe it belonged to my brother! Please BRING BACK CARRIE!

Keith Humphries, Bedfordshire

Reply: *We've also had mail from Erik Larsen, Kim Rasmussen and others saying the same thing. If we get much more fan mail we'll have to be true to our word and either reprint some classic adventures or commission some new ones. It's up to you lot…*

NIGEL LIKED TO EXPERIMENT IN THE BEDROOM

MAYFAIR SAVED MY WIFE!

I read most of the men's magazines and I must say that *Mayfair* has now become number one in my opinion. Such gorgeous girls, great articles and even the letters are readable! Two articles in Vol 31 No 5 made me want to share my thoughts with my fellow readers – *Sex With Your Ex* and *Quest* about anal sex.

Not long ago, my wife and I discussed divorce – we were simply getting bored with each other. We'd both been virgins when we married and had learned sex as we went along. Our talk of splitting up was deadly serious and we'd made the final decision after much soul searching. However, when we went to bed that night, things altered. I guess we were very emotionally charged and as I lay in bed waiting for Mandy to join me, it struck me that this might be the last chance I had to shag her.

She came into the bedroom and I studied her as she undressed in a way I hadn't done for years. Between my legs the sheet rose as my stiffy did an impression of a tent pole. Mandy noticed and smiled, saying: "It looks like we'll go out on a high note, anyway!" She had been about to put on her nightie, but tossed it on the floor and reached for the bedclothes instead. She dragged them off to reveal my vertical cock.

Without another word, she climbed onto the bed and straddled me. I watched my erection being slowly engulfed as she slid carefully down its length until it was fully inside her. She let out a huge sigh as she began to ease herself slowly up and down it, her pink cunt lips clinging to the rigid surface of my cock, which was soon glistening with the juices. Leaning down towards me, she let her tits swing within inches of my waiting mouth.

> ❝ SHE LET HER TIT SWING WITH INCHES OF MY WAITING MOUTH ❞

"I bet you'll miss these, won't you?" she gloated. Her nipples grazed my chin and eventually I clasped one between my lips. Soon, her nipple was nearly as hard as my prick as I teased it with my tongue. Her pussy was really wet as she rode my dick to a ferocious orgasm. Panting, she eased

continued on p69

RD!

❝ I SAT ON HIM, **PUT MY SKIRT VER** HIS **DICK** AND **FUCKED** HIM ❞

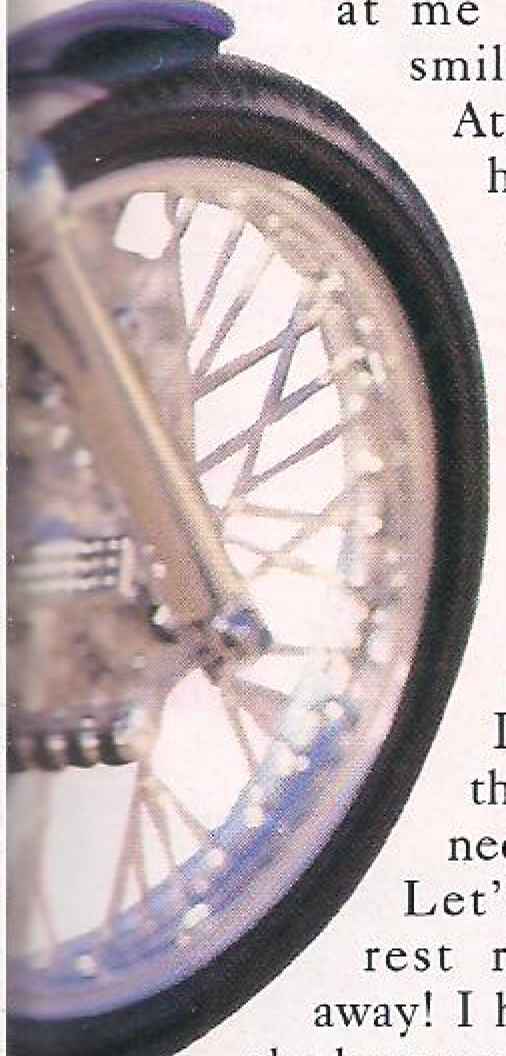
of the day and it was hot. I was touching my boyfriend's dick inside his pants. After a while, I sat on him, put my skirt over his dick and fucked him. At the same time I was smiling to everybody in the subway car but I think nobody realised I was riding him.

Q *Is that the sort of thing you do very often?*

A In Paris during a party, I lost a bet and the payment was to walk naked down the Champs Elysees. Cars honked at me, people applauded and a lot of them were following me, laughing, until the cops arrived. Even they thought it was funny! That's the best soft exhibition that I ever had in my life. I don't think I'd be able to do that on Sunset Boulevard!

Q *What's the most spontaneous sex you've ever had?*

A Once, in a restaurant in LA, I was having dinner. I was bored, alone. A good-looking man was there, apparently in the same situation. He was staring at me and I was smiling at him. At the end of his dinner, he came to me asking me for my phone number and if I would accept a date or not. I answered that we don't need any date. Let's go to the rest room right away! I had some of the best sex ever.



Q *Can your fans get in touch?*

A Yes, at: Rebecca Lord Fan Club, 16161 Ventura Blvd, #374, Encino, CA 91436, USA. Write me a nice letter and tell me what you think of my movies! Ⓜ

Personal Details

Age: *22*
Vital Statistics:
34D-24-32
Second Profession:
Building Surveyor
Home Town:
Abertillery

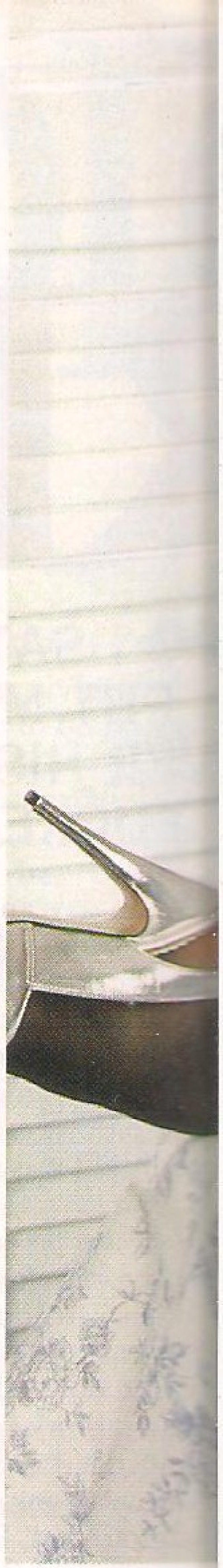
MARIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFF HOWES

How do you spend your free time?
I'm always out in the open air when I'm at work, so at the end of the day I like anything that means I can stay indoors – it gets very windy at the top of a ladder or standing on a roof, so the first thing I do when I get home is cover myself with every sort of skin cream and moisturiser you can think of to keep my skin soft and supple…

It looks fine to us!
… but the best moisturiser of all doesn't come in a pot, and you certainly can't buy it down at Boots!

We've got no idea what you're talking about. Explain.
You know very well what I mean, stop trying to get me embarrassed – it won't work. I'm talking about spunk! Hot, fresh and full of protein!



And you can be sure it hasn't been tested on animals!
Don't be so disgusting. [laughs] I always seem to end up talking about sex, possibly because it's my favourite indoor activity. You can stuff jogging, if you want to be in shape, you should fuck yourself fit!

What reaction do you get when you turn up at a building site?
When I started off, I got the usual wolf-whistles and comments, and I've got to admit it started to piss me off, so I decided to give them a taste of their own medicine. I can have a real foul mouth when I want to, so I started giving the builders marks out of ten for their arses and used my professional skills to draw up estimates of the length of their cocks and send them out with their wage packets. You'd be amazed how quiet they were after that. One of them said I'd got my sums wrong and insisted on showing me how far out my estimate was...

What happened?
I had to give him a thorough inspection and check for any structural defects. His cock turned out to be basically sound, but I recommended his bell-end for special attention to check for any sudden leakages.

Can we guess who took care of it?
I volunteered – well, it was a Grade 1 cock!

MAYFAIR Male

continued from p61 herself off me, my prick still erect as she lowered her mouth towards it. This was something she'd very rarely done before, and there was no way I was going to stop her!

She swivelled her body around so that her thighs were on either side of my head. All I could see was her wet pussy, still gaping from having my cock up it. My tongue reached out and slid along her dark gash and swollen clitoris. As she worked on my dick, she ground her pussy into my face. I even began to lap at her arse, which I'd never done before, and felt her whole body stiffen at the unexpected sensation. I thought perhaps she was going to tell me off, but instead she said "Do that again, it's bloody marvellous!"

I went back to work, prompting a series of ecstatic groans. "Oh God, that's so good," she panted, "Please stick your cock up my arse!" I could scarcely believe my ears – we'd never even discussed this before! I moved her into the doggy position and pressed my cock against her. She rocked back and I watched in amazement as the first couple of inches glided into her hot tightness. Slowly I inched into her until my belly was pressed against her cheeks. Her muffled moans were obviously of pleasure as she thrust back to meet every one of my thrusts. It was all so intense, I came to an explosive climax within minutes and lay across her back, gasping.

> “I WANT YOU TO WANK ME WITH YOUR TITS”

"I've fantasised about that for so long," she murmured.

"But you never mentioned it before," I said.

"Well, have you told me all your fantasies? Go on, tell me and I'll make them come true tonight – if you're up to it!"

Her tone was challenging, a real turn-on. "Alright then," I responded, "I want you to wank me with your tits."

She lay straight on the bed and said: "Fuck my tits now if that's what you want." I lay astride her, my erection almost invisible as I buried it in her ample cleavage. After a dozen or so thrusts, I could feel I was about to come so I withdrew and slid down her body to suck her nipples. Her hand reached for my cock and guided it towards her open pussy. I felt her wetness as I slid easily into her with hard, ramming strokes. There was no pretence of lovemaking – this was pure fucking. The sweat poured from us until we climaxed noisily again. We dozed and shagged, dozed and shagged for the rest of the night, living out everything we'd secretly fantasised about for so many years.

So this encounter wasn't strictly sex with an ex – more like sex with an almost ex. We realised we'd both been too inhibited up to then. That night our lives changed totally for the better. We're still together and trying new things all the time. So my advice is don't wait until she's your ex, be honest, let your instincts out and fuck happily ever after!

D Fenner, Birkenhead

Reply: *Talk about finding out in the nick of time – you thought you were hitched to Olive from* On The Buses *and she turned out to be the sexy one with big knockers from* 'Allo 'Allo! *[Eh? Are you feeling alright? – Ed.]*

WHENEVER HE SAW PAMELA ANDERSON MIKE'S LEGS TURNED TO JELLY

PAST THE SELL-BY DATE?

How about a monthly *Ye Olde Blast From The Past* feature for us fortysomethings? Your current feature (*Decades Of Decadence*) doesn't do the subject justice, I feel. What a delight it would be to see again the likes of Margaret Nolan and Susan Penhaligon in miniskirts! Keep it up, *Mayfair* – I will!

A Farrelly, London

Reply: *We're glad our* Decades Of Decadence *slot hits the right spot, and agree that a regular, longer section devoted to our glorious past could prove a popular addition. On the other hand, what about our equally glorious present? Wouldn't some readers feel cheated if we re-ran huge chunks of old issues? If we did that too much people might mistake us for an obscure girlie magazine called* Penthouse…

It's Your Shout… So Get 'Em In!

You've reached the end of the Mayfair letters section. Good, weren't they? But not as good as yours, we'll bet. No prizes, no praise, purely the honour…

Mayfair Male, 2 Archer Street,
London W1V 8JJ
Mayfair e-Male: mayfair@pr-org.co.uk

JENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHANTEL THOMAS

Personal Details

Age: ***23***
Vital Statistics:
32D-24-32
Second Profession:
Despatch Driver
Home Town:
Durham

You're a despatch driver – that must be what they call a fast-moving job?

Oh, ha ha – I've heard that one a few times, believe me. Women really are better drivers, just ask your insurance company for a quote if you don't believe me.

So what sort of vehicles do you drive?

You name it, I've been behind the wheel. I've got a PSV and HGV licence, but I mainly drive two different things – a souped-up Bedford van…

And what else?

… and I like to drive men wild with desire! [laughs] See, you're not the only ones with awful jokes!

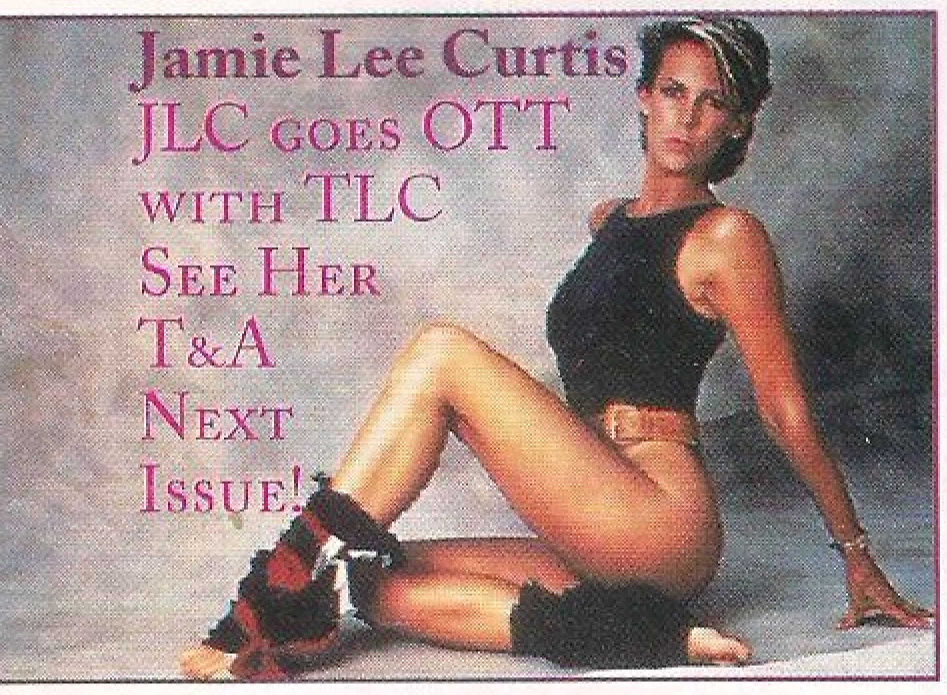
Any long-distance romances?

I have a pick-up in Exeter. The guy I deal with is lovely, and we go for a meal if I've got time. The best thing about driving a van is that there's plenty of room in the back, so we end up testing the suspension out. Last time, we were both in the mood and it lasted hours. I forgot the time and tried to make it up on the motorway heading north. I got a speeding ticket near Birmingham!

NEXT MONTH'S MAYFAIR WILL BE…

…Packed, Stacked & Stuffed Silly

MAYFAIR VOLUME 31 NUMBER 10 ON SALE SEPTEMBER 19th

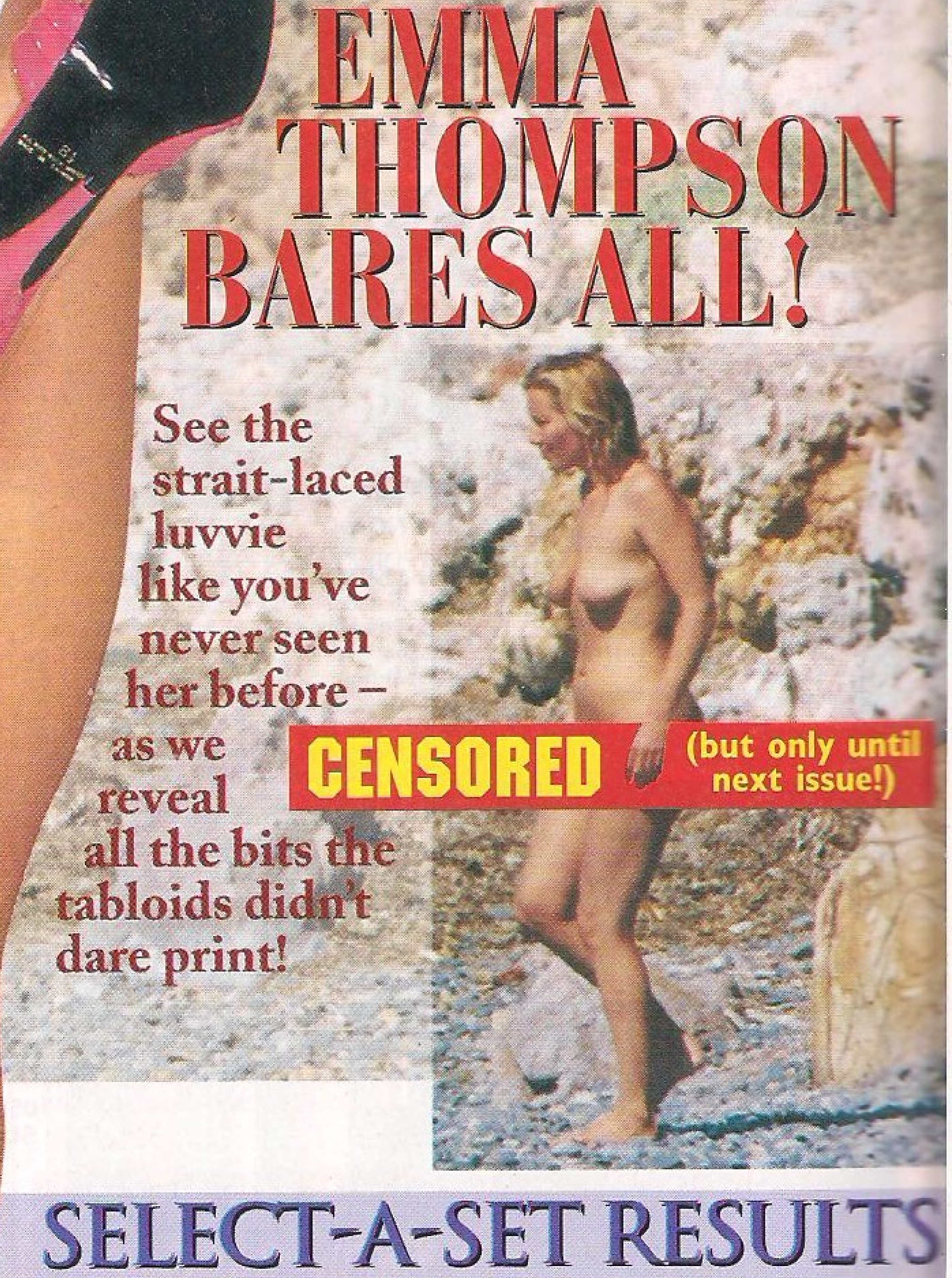


Jamie Lee Curtis
JLC goes OTT with TLC
See Her T&A Next Issue!

“HI, I'M **TOMMI**, AND SINCE YOU GUYS **LIKED** MY LAST **APPEARANCE** SO **MUCH** THE BOYS AT **MAYFAIR** HAVE ASKED **ME** TO **APPEAR** FOR **YOU** AGAIN **NEXT MONTH.** I CAN'T WAIT, **CAN** YOU?”

PLUS!

EMMA THOMPSON BARES ALL!



See the strait-laced luvvie like you've never seen her before – as we reveal all the bits the tabloids didn't dare print!

CENSORED (but only until next issue!)

SELECT-A-SET RESULTS

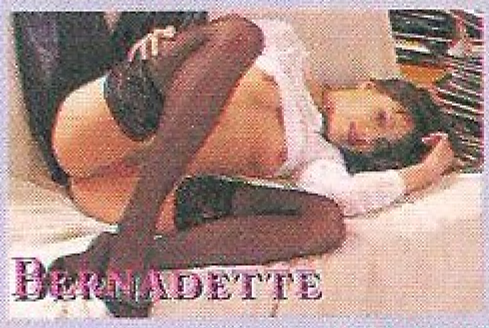
In Volume 31 Number 7 we gave you the opportunity to select three of these ten young hopefuls for inclusion in this issue, but due to an overwhelming response – a staggering 2,429 entries have been received at time of writing, and more are arriving every day! – we have decided to publish the results next issue instead. It's been so popular, in fact, that you can expect more opportunities like it in future editions…

MARIA

MELINDA

AMANDA

SAMANTHA



BERNADETTE

PRECILLA

HELEN

BELINDA

SHARON

NINE OUT OF TEN MAYFAIR SUBSCRIBERS SAID THEIR CATS COULDN'T TELL ANY BLOODY DIFFERENCE, BUT IT SAVED THEM A WALK TO THE NEWSAGENTS EACH MONTH!

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